

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS *By Sara Moore*



Pilgrim's Progress, 1928

Reluctantly one takes the leap at
top;
Sensation touches joy — just
while you drop.
So, thrill gayly as you go
And forget that you foreknow
There awaits a thumping blow—
When you stop.



Subject to Change Without Notice

(Long hair and short are in equal favor. The sportswoman must have an appropriate bob, but the new evening gowns call for long, carefully coiffed locks.—Style Ukase.)

This is a most unsettled age,
For change we pray and strive;
A girl must be coy ingenue
In daylight—nine to five.

But as the gentle dusk descends,
By fashion's stratagem
She must turn poised sophistic—
From nine to five—a. m.

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VIEWPOINTS CHANGE.

New skirts are long and wider,

Cables say;

This threatens no curtailment

Of display,

Discerning stylists now are

Pointing out

That only really wide skirts

Blow about.



ALAS, NO CUSSEDNESS!

If I had never smiled at you,

If you had frowned at me,

How different the aftermath

For all eternity.

If I had wept one honest tear,

If you had stormed and

raged—

We had not said a gay goodbye,

But fought—and got en-

gaged!